

ON  
PAPER "FREDERICK  
WINGS O'BRIEN

# THE CARMELITE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
FIVE CENTS A COPY

Bloody and dire as was the fate of the czar of Russia and his family, history seems to have made it inevitable, and even less terrible than their continued existence. Had the czar or any of his heirs escaped from Russia, they would be a murderous center of warfare against revolutionary Russia, a standard for the Kolchaks, Dennikins, royalists, and rich tuft-hunters of the world. The royalists of the Balkans will go the same way. The cynical Alfonso, of Spain, had he not fled, would have been murdered, and all his family. The mob lusts for blood once the gate of fear, superstitious reverence, is raised. The Spanish men will drive the monarchical bishops and cardinals of Rome from Spain; and then the pendulum will swing back; not so far to the right as before, but rightly.

Language, which in drapery days was a curtain for reserved opinions, is today as raw as an hour-old hide. Children lisp in bumwords for the bumwords come.

A probishn cop who has not the mark of Cain is without his first service stripe. "Say it with guns!" is chief Probishner Poppycock's slogan.

A truly rural feature is congratulating individuals on having been married so many years. Name after name! Time must be cheap.

One of the unhappiest mortals is the neurasthenic; the person, sane but suffering from fears, doubts, illusions. He is in agony, and makes those about him, often very uncomfortable. The insane person is often happy though he may make others unhappy by his actions or by their sympathy for him. The apes never have neuroses, never are insane. Nerves are nature's retort to civilization.

The art of dining in public is dead. Chef, waiter, food, all have degraded under probishn. Only the check retains its quality.

*continued on page six*

VOL. V CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1932 NO. 2



LINOLEUM CUT MADE BY WILLIAM JOHNSTONE ON  
THE OCCASION OF LINDBERGH'S VISIT TO CARMEL

"LINDY AND ANNE ARE THE ONLY ROMANTIC FIGURES IN THE AMERICAN WORLD NOT WORKED BY ADVERTISING WIRES."  
—FREDERICK O'BRIEN



# CARMEL DRUG STORE

ON OCEAN AVENUE, NEXT TO THE BANK OF CARMEL

**We Invite You to Compare Our Prices with Any on the Peninsula**

PHONE 10

FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE

PHONE 10

## Carmel News

### A QUIET COUNCIL MEETING

In regular monthly meeting last night the City Council appointed the following as officers for the city election to be held Monday, April eleventh:

Precinct "A"—all of Carmel west of San Carlos.

Inspector—Lillian K. Duriec.

Judge—F. O. Robbins.

Clerks: Clara B. Leidig and Hazel Watrous.

Voting Place: Not yet determined; probably Manzanita Club.

Precinct "B"—east of San Carlos.

Inspector—Elizabeth Sullivan.

Judge—I. G. Warren.

Clerks: Kathryn Overstreet and B. W. Adams.

Voting Place: Sunset School.

Two seats on the Council are to be filled at the election, as well as the offices of city clerk and city treasurer. To date no candidates have filed.

Other matters dealt with by the Council last night included—

—instructions to City Attorney Campbell to re-vamp business license ordinance increasing fees for pools halls and for fortune tellers. (Opening of a pool-room on Ocean Avenue is rumored; gypsy fortune tellers are here.)

—March eighth was fixed as date of final public meeting in connection with Mission street improvement.

—Informal discussion brought out the fact that nothing definite had been authorized in regard to a further survey on the street improvement plan. Matter now in abeyance.

\* \* \*

The Carmelite yesterday had occasion to address a letter to the City Council in regard to the delinquent tax list as published in the "Pine Cone." The letter set forth:

- (1.) That the list was set double-column measure instead of single column as in previous years. (See "Pine Cone," February 1928).
- (2.) That the list this year could have been set single column retaining all essentials of form.
- (3.) That if the city is billed for the unnecessary space devoted to the list the amount will be over forty per cent. in excess of legitimate requirements.

Accompanying the letter was a corroborative exhibit showing a portion of the tax list set in "Pine Cone" single column measure.

Notification of the protest was sent by

THE CARMELITE: MARCH 3, 1932

The Carmelite to the "Pine Cone" in time for the latter paper to have a business representative present. Herbert Cerwin, reporter, appeared for the "Pine Cone" and attempted to explain "how come." Mr. Cerwin contended, *inter alia*, that "the city doesn't pay for the tax-list anyhow; the taxpayers pay it." The point failed to get across; after discussion Mayor Heron ordered the bill laid aside until the "Pine Cone" could adequately present its side of the case.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—It will be recalled that the "Pine Cone" was awarded the legal advertising contract in December at its bid of nineteen cents per inch. Regular advertising rates in the "Pine Cone" range from thirty-five to fifty cents per inch. The point was made by Mayor Heron that if the "Pine Cone" was permitted virtually to double their rates to the city by using two columns instead of one, the paper ceased effectively to be the lowest bidder. Positive proof was submitted to the Council that the list need not have been set two-column width.

Additionally to the generous area of "white" space which the "Pine Cone" is attempting to sell to the city, their bill, rendered last night is based on 680 square inches of space. Using a standard ruler, with no fancy attachments, the closest The Carmelite can come to that figure is 644 and a fraction square inches.

Here are the figures:

157x41-12 equals ?

The Carmelite publicly invites the "Pine Cone" to demonstrate how that works out at 680.

The "Pine Cone" claims \$216.60 for publishing the tax list and the city clerk's report. An equitable adjustment would reduce that to \$131.35, saving the city—beg pardon, the taxpayers—\$85.25.—J. C.)

### BURGLARIES CONTINUE

Imelman's Sportwear Shop, on Ocean Avenue, was burglarized Wednesday night with an estimated loss of five hundred dollars. Dressing robes comprised the bulk of the stolen goods.

### SCHOOL ELECTION

Mrs. E. L. Taylor has filed papers as a candidate for the trustee, Sunset School. The election is to be held March twenty-fifth.

### SOLD

Hal Garrott's half interest in the "Carmel Pine Cone," has been acquired by Randal Cockburn, son of J. L. Cockburn, retired Honolulu banker.



## TELEPHONE COMPANY "OPEN HOUSE"

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company last week issued an invitation to the public to see for itself how a high standard of efficiency is reached and maintained in telephone service. Carmel's interest in the "Open House"—beginning Tuesday and continuing through today—was shown by the fact that during the first afternoon nearly two hundred visitors were recorded, including certain grades from the Sunset School.

The evolution of the telephone was illustrated by the display of a model of Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone made in 1875, and first used to communicate between the lower and upper floors of a house. In his second experiment, Bell spoke to a friend across the street. In 1932 by means of a multiple telewriter, a message or sales order may be typed in one city, and reproduced simultaneously, as a permanent record on a telewriter in a distant city office. This machine is being displayed in the window of Bonham's hardware store on Ocean Avenue, where messages are recorded which are being typed in the Telephone office on Dolores street. Telewriters are being installed in business houses throughout the country and one will shortly be operating in Monterey.

A miniature hookup complete with plugs and lights illustrates the whole process of putting in a telephone call. Different types of telephones, from the coin-slot machines to switchboard systems for apartments and hotels, from buzzers to fire alarms, are on view. One particular receiver is equipped with an apparatus similar to a radio amplifying tube to build up voice volume, so that those with impaired hearing may be able to use the telephone. Persons who ordinarily follow a conversation by lip-reading are able to hear perfectly with this device.

The particular enemy of the telephone company is the "cable bug," which bores through conduits of lead and antimony alloy one-eighth inch thick, apparently to no purpose at all. A coating of tallow is the only remedy so far discovered to keep this destructive beetle away. A single conduit three inches in diameter contains as many as thirty-six hundred separately insulated cable wires. A sensitive device passed along the top of the conduit will locate exactly a short circuit or trouble within.

In the switchboard room, one sees the operators receiving calls and making connections, both local and long dis-

tance. The telephone company employs sixteen local residents in its various departments. "Open House" is being held for the first time in Carmel. —M. V. H.

## REVIVAL OF OLD WEST FOR UNEMPLOYED

The Monterey Unemployment Fund will be appreciably increased through the proceeds it will receive when time is turned backwards for over fourscore years on the evening of March fifth. Peninsula society will find itself, for a few short hours at least, returned to the days when there was gold in "them thar hills."

Mrs. Sidney Fish, one of the patronesses of the party, says that the Old Monterey Polo Club is being transferred into a dance hall similar to those of frontier days. Every possible effort is being made to render, not only the atmosphere, but the more material aspects of the affair as authentic of its period as is possible. There are rumors of a bar (soft drinks only, of course), roulette wheels, faro tables, black jack games, dice tables, cigarette girls and what have you. It promises to be an honest to goodness party.

Monterey and Carmel have worked well together, each aiding the other in its various efforts to lighten the unemployment situation. Monterey has been well represented among the supporters of our benefits and Carmelites are well aware of this fact.

Other residents of Carmel besides Mrs. Fish, who are taking an active interest in the arrangements of the '49er party, include Messrs. Sidney Fish, Byington Ford, Charles Van Riper and Herman Crossman. These men make up the executive committee. —R. S.

## ELLA WINTER TO LECTURE AT P.-T. A. MEETING

The next regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association will be held in the auditorium of Sunset School on Wednesday afternoon, March ninth, at three o'clock. After a short business meeting the association and friends will be addressed by Ella Winter on the subject of "Education in Russia."

Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens) has but recently returned from Russia where she made an especial study of the Soviet schools. Due to years of study of economic problems in many foreign lands Miss Winter's report of conditions in Russia is in a class entirely apart from that of the ordinary traveler.

The public is cordially invited to attend this lecture for which there is no admission charge.

## GIFT TO THE COMMUNITY

A charming display of California wild paintings in water color by Miss Ida A. Johnson has been hung in the children's room of the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library. They have been presented to the community by her friend, Miss Josephine M. Culbertson, and should be of special interest at this season, as well as books which have been placed nearby for reference. It is to be hoped the children will want to collect a display of the flowers themselves.

—H. B.

## SUNDAY AFTER- NOON

See the  
fastest  
game in  
the world

PLAYED BY SOME OF THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST  
PLAYERS

FINAL MATCH OF THE  
PACIFIC COAST OPEN  
**POLO**  
CHAMPIONSHIP

DEL MONTE POLO FIELD  
2:30 P.M. Admission \$1.00



### THIRD CONCERT OF THE MUSIC SOCIETY SERIES

Myra Hess, English pianist, is next to appear in the Carmel Music Society's fifth annual series. Her concert will be given at Carmel Theatre on Tuesday evening, March twenty-second.

The following excerpts from press notices indicate the standing of the artist:

"Alone of all the musicians who come Jordan Hall, Myra Hess, the English pianist, is enough of a 'drawing card' to fill the stage as well as the auditorium and to turn away many others. Yesterday afternoon Miss Hess furnished renewed proof of the unusual powers just described, and once more her playing was sufficient explanation of her popularity."—Boston "Post."

"... Myra Hess brought to her recital a personality charged with depth of feeling, yet dominated by the intellect, and a pianism which rejoiced in remarkable subtleties. She applied the one to the other with profound understanding of the necessity with which art must depend on spontaneity of emotion and imagination, and of the beauty it can attain solely through perfection of its form."—Chicago "Journal."

"Myra Hess is, first of all, the most spontaneous music-maker among the pianists of either sex. She brings interpretative intentions so perfectly formed that their reproduction seems without effort and preparation."—Chicago "Herald-Examiner."

A few BULBS of high-class

## DAHLIAS

All named and mostly 25c.

A few other high quality plants

RANDA PHILLIPS

Lincoln Between 7th and 8th  
Tel. 785-J Carmel

## CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

1931-32 SERIES

# MYRA

# THIRD CONCERT HESS

FOREMOST WOMAN PIANIST  
TUESDAY, MARCH 22nd AT 8:30  
TICKETS—1.00 TO 2.75

FOR SEAT RESERVATION CALL MRS. PAUL FLANDERS, CARMEL 22,  
OR DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY, CARMEL 62

### CARMEL PAINTINGS AFIELD FOR EXHIBITS

William P. Silva has just concluded a most successful exhibition of his paintings at Boise, Idaho. Appreciation of his work is shown in the following excerpt from the "Idaho Statesman"; on the material side, five paintings were sold despite hard times and the reputed indifference of the hinterland to matters artistic.

\* \* \*

The Boise Art association is fortunate in having the opportunity to present an exhibition at its gallery, Eighth and Main streets, of the oil paintings of William P. Silva, internationally famous artist of California.

There is no feeling of awe when one comes suddenly into the huge room full of Silva's paintings. Rather, one feels almost intimately at home—an immediate comradeship with the landscapes themselves—and one says, impulsively, "Why, the artist has done these from my point of view! That's the way I have felt, upon a windy day when the sky was clean and blue." Whether one has ever painted, or merely longed to express beauty, he responds to an idealism in Silva's work which sets a lofty goal.

The exhibition shows great variety, not only in handling, but in choice of subject, and proves the artist's thorough understanding of the subtle moods of nature. Looking at the large canvas, "Drifting Fog, Point Lobos," I was enveloped by the whole atmosphere, the mystery of fog rolling in from the sea. I carried this pleasant impression of coolness and wetness, until further along the wall my eyes met "Afternoon on the Mohave," which fairly sings with the golden blazing heat of the desert. Now I could catch the faint odor of sagebrush, and looking away to the dis-

THE CARMELITE: MARCH 3, 1932

tant mountains realized that poignant vastness, which we of the west know. "Springtime, Carmel Valley" might be called "Resurrection." It is the essence of spring wherever there are green mountain-sides and slim white trees.

Entirely different in mood and treatment are a number of South Carolina paintings from the "Garden of Dreams." These canvasses are rich in romance and poetry. There are moss-hung trees, deep limpid pools, moonlight and wistaria, and the very fragrance of azalea blossoms.

There is directness and simple strength in such paintings as "Gay Sails" and "Windblown Cypress." They brought me suddenly out of a dream into reality, but reality in its most joyful aspects. With all his ability to create atmosphere, Silva never sacrifices composition, or loses his superb sense of balance. His very small paintings are like jewels, set deeply to delight the eye.

Silva takes one from sea to desert, from springtime to autumn, from dawn to moonrise, and from dreams to reality in a delightful walk around the gallery. One leaves regretfully, but having that rare sense of harmony with nature—and with man. —CORNELIA HART

\* \* \*

Mr. Silva's next exhibit opens at the Crocker Gallery in Sacramento on Monday and continues until the first of April.

### GLORIA STUART IN THE MOVIES

The "Hollywood Reporter," daily newspaper of filmdom, says of Gloria Stuart, until recently associate editor of The Carmelite:

"A dispute between Universal and Paramount as to which had prior claim to an actress wanted by both was settled yesterday by the Conciliation Committee of the Academy, which decided in favor of Universal on the ground that its offer was the first made.

"The girl is Gloria Stuart, who has been with the Playbox Theatre in Pasadena. She took tests at Universal and Paramount the same day, but Universal beat the other company to the punch, both in making the test and in offering the contract."

### SCHOOL ART EXHIBIT

Anna Marie Baer, art instructor at Sunset School, has arranged in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, an exhibit of work done by some of her older pupils. The exhibit comprises abstract and decorative studies in design and color and illustrations related to social studies.



## THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN — Editor and Publisher

Printed and published weekly at Carmel-by-the-Sea (Carmel P. O.) California. Entered as second-class matter February 21, 1928, at Post Office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars fifty per annum; single copies, five cents. Office, Dolores Street between Seventh and Eighth; Telephone 717.

\*\*\*The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

## FREDFRICK O'BRIEN

— from page one

A friend of mine was with me one night. "After dinner," he said, "though port was going out as a fashion, Browning and I, always gathered the decanter at our end of the table, and talked, and talked until it was empty. Charles Dickens often smiled at us." I looked at my friend; serene, a nice, pink color in his handsome face. What he had seen, whom he had talked with! All gone. "Melville had a sort of tic, a curious nervous affection, the last time I saw him. He seemed to have given up the world. That was in the late eighties. He lived till ninety-one." I felt like a kid. It is always good for me, in several ways, when my friend dines with me. He has courage, serenity, and is decades older.

In my village, the Chinese grocer, has six Chinese youths, probably all his children, selling groceries to all of us. He employs white youths to deliver in his three or four Fords.

Over the radio, a national broadcast, reaching from New York to Hollywood, from Canada to Mexico, far out to sea, to the isles of the West Indies, comes the hard, metallic, coarse, money-grabbing voice of an aged woman, named Fanny Ward. She is boosting face unguents, treatment in bottles, cake packs, etc. at big prices for old skins, dissipated skins, night-light skins. Fanny's pseudo-French announcer says her IT is that of Clara Bow at eighteen, of Venus as she rose from the waves, of Helen when Paris gave her the apple, as Eve when the snake slithered through Eden. He says she looks to be in her twenties, and is past sixty; attracts college boys. Then the anile hoyden, the battleaxe of scores of years in the lists of passion and greasepaint, praises herself, tells what a beauty she is, and sells her worthless stuff to a million women, quivering at their radios. Fanny is the female counterpart of Bodylove McFadden,

the multi-millionaire owner of "Liberty," the New York "porno-Graphic," and twenty confessions magazines, airplane pilot, father of innumerable children, and a marvelous masculinity in his sixties. Both have dreadful voices. It would seem that the larynx is untouchable by facials or gymnastics. Only Lucky Breaks are kind to your Adam's Apple. They peel it without breaking the skin. Good to the core.

In Great Britain only doctors of medicine are ever called *Doctor*. Not even surgeons nor dentists; and, of course, chiropractors, osteopaths, druggists, have no doctor title. In America we used to call bartenders, *docs*, and dog-menders were always *doctors*. I was attended by one of the latter for poisoning by a stingray, and shall never forget the size of his syringe. It was made for a horse. However, I recovered and consulted a *doc* at the club who prescribed a *Dr. Funk*. It completed the vet's treatment.

Old Man Rockerfeller, the Baptist golfer and shiny dime-giver, loaned four hundred and twenty thousand dollars on iron mines. In the panic of 1893, he foreclosed and seized the mines. He sold out for eighty million dollars in eight years. The United States Steel Corporation valued the land not long ago at five hundred million dollars. But not now. Steel is lower than a slug's bosom. The fellow who lost his mines on the mortgage stopped believing in a Baptist god.

If you really want to be kind to your Adam's apple, don't wear starched collars. I haven't submitted to starch in a garment since I escaped the parental roof. Starch went with stiff conduct and flabby principles, hypocrisy and protracted meetings. Petticoats often worn three at a time, were severely starched, as were ladies' unspeakables. The bottoms were fluted in a fluting machine. Men were men in those brave days in the South, those days of chivalry, as witness four million mulattos, quadroons, octoroons.

Why should anyone lack an occupation, easy money? In the San Francisco "Chronicle," I read under "Education": "Be a hotel hostess. Opportunities in fashionable hotels, clubs, apartment hotels; splendid salaries, fascinating profession, previous experience proved unnecessary. . . Write for particulars to Hotel Training Schools. . ." Those opportunities in fashionable hotels, apartments, are the kind provided by Pantages and his pals.

In luxury magazine advertising is more sheer nastiness, more suggestiveness of thinks unmentionable except in medical chambers, than in dirty books. In the Satevepost, now as cheap in fiction as Bodylove Mcfadden's rot, is an advertisement, a full page, which *The Specialist* would have thought too raw to print. Money has neither morals nor taste.

Every day in the papers a girl or woman kills a man or a woman, or several women. They are almost all crimes of pique, not passion. The *crime passionel* is passing in America.

The topic of Rev. McPheeter's sermon Sunday was, "The Pleasures of Sin," of Rev. Juniper, "Are Christians Happier than Other People?" These notable preachers of San Francisco stirred up only dead embers. Well, only Christians can have the pleasures of sinning, for others don't believe in sin. As my old acquaintance, Rasputin, the monk, used to say over his vodka, in St. Petersburg, "*Tovarish*, you can't repent unless you sin. The Bible says, 'Repent and be saved!' Now for a little, sincere sinning!"

A lady speaker at the Third Order of St. Francisco convention, in San Francisco, said: "Sensuous music with its insidious words lure to destruction as never Circe could. The obscenity of some modern plays would make even those of pagan times blush and hang their heads." Hardly. In pagan times, clowns were known not by bladders on sticks, but by phallusses on their belts.

"Alexanderplatz, Berlin: the Story of Franz Biberkopf. Have you read that new book? It is by Alfred Doblin, a middle-aged Berlin physician, and is translated "into the American," by Eugene Jolas. Have you read "Ulysses," by James Joyce? That Irish novel would be a good prelude to the German story, for "Alexanderplatz" out-Joyces Joyce Violets remain unsold by New York florists because in "The Captain," a Lesbian play, they symbolize abnormality. But the cattleya is still popular despite Proust.

All over the world, before the passage of many months, the American dollar will be the only standard of values. All other moneys will be tinkling brass. It is almost so today. But silver begins, now, its slow climb. It repreents the lowly, the dispossessed, the helpless; gold, the possessors, the powerful. This is quite true; no poetical red guff.



# The Housewife's Duty--- to Her Home--- NOT to Her Grocer

**T**HE housewife has no obligation to support any grocer or group of grocers. SHE OWES NO GROCER A LIVING. She does owe herself and her family the greatest amount of the best food her money can buy.

Her only duty when buying food is to her home. Food is the one fundamental necessity: its purchase cannot be postponed. The purchaser of food has a right to expect a reasonable option in price and quality.

The efficient grocer asks no favors. He does not expect charity. He is willing to be judged by the amount of good food he gives for the customer's dollar—by his performance of the public service he undertakes when he enters business.

Carmel Grocery Cupboards, Inc.  
will bring back lost trade to Carmel and, in doing so, benefit

the whole community, its customers and itself. It is

## *A Genuine Expression of Community Co-operation*

and has been hailed by the California Retail Grocers Advocate—the journal of the California Retail Grocers and Merchants Association—as “THE FIRST FOOD STORE IN THE WORLD TO GO THE LIMIT IN ADOPTING THE PRINCIPLE OF ‘A MODERN STORE TO THE TASTE OF THE MODERN WOMAN’.” The journal describes it as

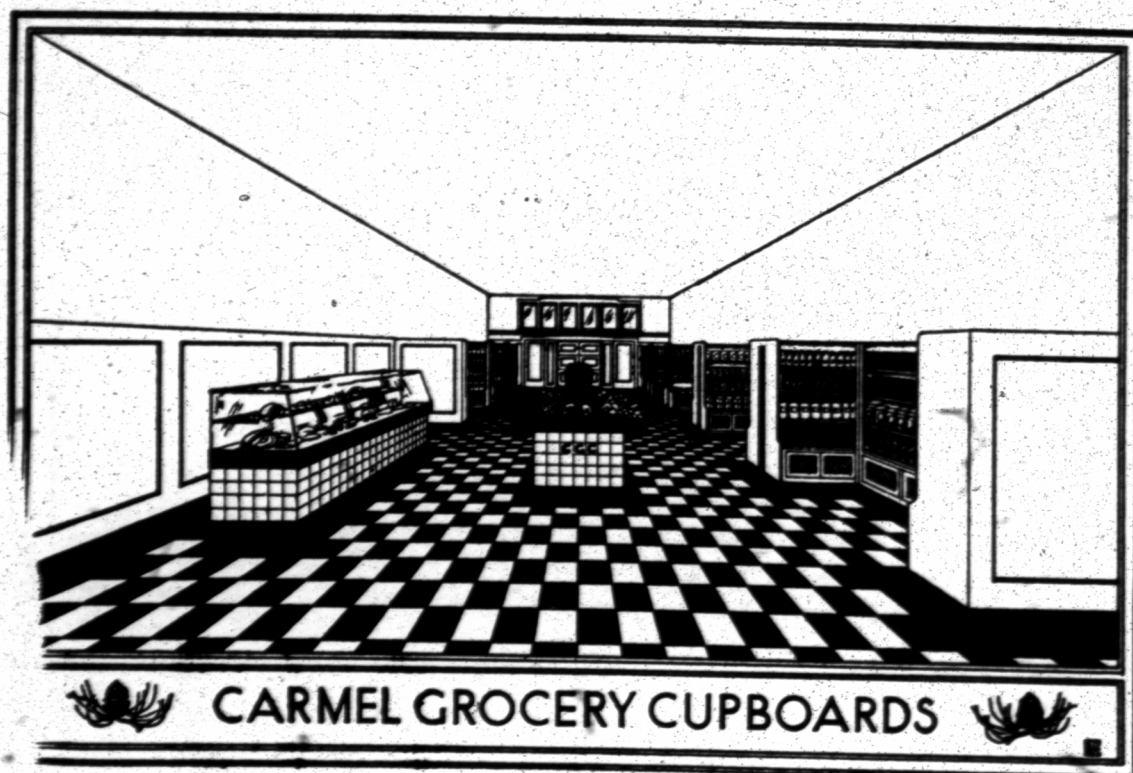
### “A NEW TYPE FOOD STORE”

“with features far in advance of the prevailing standard.”

It is founded on the principle that the housewife owes nothing to her grocer, but will support the local independent merchant who by his skill and efficiency—through the application of modern, up-to-date methods, is able to offer her the greatest amount of good food for her dollar.

This means that CARMEL GROCERY CUPBOARDS, Inc. by reason of  
A NEW CONCEPT IN COST-SAVING METHODS

# CARMEL GROCERY



## A Genuine

APPLICATION BLANKS AND FURTHER INFO  
THE DIRECT

HOWARD BROOKS

ROBERT PARROTT

FAE MILLER

PETER MAWDSLEY

BOX 1400, CARMEL

## Opening Date--

New Building Under Construction at







# BY - P R O D U C T S ORRICK JOHNS

## LORNEZO AND MABEL

D. H. Lawrence was the most uncompromising, the most intransigent, the most original novelist in English of this century. The bitter, undeviating drive of his mind through a fictional set-up in the contemporary scene finds no equal this side of Flaubert. The essence of the man was terrific; and from a never-popular, nearly-poor, ever-wandering existence he sent forth waves of intellectual and creative energy that touched every grade of society, from the semi-literate proletarian to the high-powdered super-sophisticate.

A woman who had known all the high-powered super-sophisticates, who had escaped them by retreat into the New Mexican desert, who had sealed her retreat by marriage with a native of the prehistoric American west, perceived the unique energy of Lawrence. She saw too, that this energy had something timeless about it, that it escaped into elementals, and broke all the silly conventional bonds of the period. Such a mind and such a driving force, more especially such an uninhibited artistic sensibility would, she believed, express itself more richly than ever in the colorful wastes of her adopted country; and incidentally would become both champion and interpreter of her adopted people.

One can see the dream. It is plausible. One can see the passionate sincerity. One can understand why this woman, Mabel Dodge Luhan, began to "will the coming" (as she says) of this man, Lawrence, to Taos.

The story of it is told by Mrs. Luhan in a volume called "Lorenzo in Taos," published last week by Knopf.

Let us first anticipate the objections that may be found to this book by the fops of criticism, the prigs of criticism, the prunes of criticism, by saying that it violates every rule of good taste, of reticence, of "humanist decorum," and of biographical form. The same be said of Pepys, of Benvenuto, of the sainted Boswell himself. Not to mention Frank Harris, probably the only contemporary peer of those great writers. The same may be said of the books of Lawrence. It will be assumed from this introduction that "Lorenzo in Taos," is as much a revelation of Mabel Dodge as of Lawrence. That is not *quite* true, for the reason that the serious disinterested preoccupation of the author with her subject never flags. But it is true that

the book becomes a fearless revelation of everybody concerned, of the subject, the author, and the entourage of both. We see therefore that the faults which Miss Prue will find in this book are really virtues, that they are virtues you will find in quite some great biographies and that these virtues consist in a certain ruthless energy and egotism of narration essential to present a thing that is living, a thing that is excessively living. And since this living thing was that hyper-esthetic force called Lawrence, these literary virtues and vigors and audacities were necessary to portray him, even more than another.

I feel this is a new kind of book. I hope more books can and will be written in like manner. I do not hope this for the reason that I merely want to indulge in reading revelations, but for another reason that will appear at the end of this article.

Mrs. Dodge tells the story from the beginning of her "willing" Lawrence to come to Taos. He shied away from such an adventure, though liking the idea. He shied away to such an extent that he went to Ceylon to prepare his mind for America. His letter about Ceylon when he got there, to Mabel Dodge, is one of the priceless things in this book. Ceylon was saccharine, perfumed, enervating, disgusting, disintegrating, damnable. "The little dark people hate us. . . but I don't see much in their favor." The unfailing Lawrence honesty.

At length Lorenzo and Frieda, his wife, arrived in Taos. The troubles of the way from Lamy had been many. Motor trouble, rain trouble. Tony Luhan, who had not taken at all to the lean red-bearded stranger hints that there is a snake in the neighborhood. Mabel Dodge says, when they arrived:

"I had hoped that Lawrence would like the house. It is a strange house, slow grown and with a kind of nobility in its proportions, and with all the past years of my life showing there. . . I sat them down at the round table, scarcely aware of anything. Blind, departed, nobody home. When I rang the bell to call Abidia, Lawrence giggled as he looked around into the surrounding dimness, from the island of our lighted space, and he said:

"It's like one of those nasty little temples in India!"

Again the Lawrence intransigent honesty.

In such a manner the intellectual utopia began. It did not progress to any more felicitous tune. It was a miserable failure of cross-purposes, jealousies and recriminations. The set that Lawrence had called a "colony of dreadful sub-

arty people" were rigorously excluded at first, but by their exclusion he felt himself eventually neglected and began to cultivate them on his own. Meantime the beautiful dream of Mabel Dodge faded away. There could be no "pale wash of mystic union" (as Mcncken used to say) where the harsh idiosyncracies of Lawrence were present.

One quotation from a letter of Lawrence, after the first Taos adventure: "I tell you, leave the Indians to their own dark destiny. You can't save them, and politics, no matter what politics, will only destroy them." Once more, the Lawrence honesty. Another letter, speaking of the psychoanalytic school: "The life that rises from the blood itself is the life that is living, while the life that rises from the nerves and the brain is the life that is death."

I have not read the book Middleton Murry wrote about Lawrence. From a review I got the idea that Murry's book was about a thesis of Murry's. I like Mrs. Luhan's book because it has no prognosis or diagnosis. It is reality, the man. The man emerges, self-reliant, unpliant, resistant, in all extremities immovable. His dependencies amounted to one—the great earth-symbol of his wife. Struggle as he might with Frieda's reality, it remained for him a relation like that of a man to his native soil.

† †

"Lorenzo in Taos" is a vital portrayal of Lawrence. It brings him alive. I met him twice in Tuscany, and those meetings were sufficient to make a frame into which the vast amount of detail recorded by Mabel Dodge fits perfectly. I can believe her, when she assaults him, also when she assaults herself. Lawrence had a direct ferocity in him that even his studied silence could not conceal.

Here is a swell book. Written with heart, head and muscle. And what does one feel about it finally? One feels frustration. Neither Mabel Dodge nor D. H. Lawrence had any clear social ideas or any clear direction. One was a great artist. The other was a great sensibility who proves herself in this book a fine writer. Both were beaten by their times. Neither flowed out into the stream of their fullest fruition. Three-fourths of Lawrence's work will seem naive nonsense, energetic suicide, to a later race. Both were wasted into a desert of inessential aims. Both had genius enough to dominate a period, she as a leader, he as an artist, but the futility of the last phase of a capitalistic twilight plunged them into a morass of petty individualistic orgasm, of struggle within themselves and struggles

—continued on page nine



## STRANGE IDYL

"LORENZO IN TAOS," by Mabel Dodge Luhan. (Knopf).

Reviewed by UNA JEFFERS.

In the spring of 1930 Mabel Luhan was living near us here on the Point, and we were often talking of D. H. Lawrence. The Lawrences were about to return to New Mexico, and Mabel said she would try to bring them first to Carmel, so that Lawrence and Robinson Jeffers could meet. "Those two could understand each other," she said. I believe in her heart she knew it would be fun to watch. When the cablegram from Frieda told us of his death, she abandoned the "Intimate Memories" she was writing of earlier years, and saying, "I can only write for someone," began to set down for Robin the story of Lawrence's stay in Taos. She wrote very fast; by the middle of the morning I would see her swinging across the meadow with that assured gait that had so infuriated Lawrence. "Well, I've done twenty pages and Spud's typing it, and Tony's gone off to gather shells, and what shall we do now?" For we could hear Robin pacing slowly back and forth in the attic, and knew he would go on writing for hours.

In the evening Robin and I read these freshly typed pages, and began to forget that when we returned from Ireland a few months before, we had resolved never to leave Tor House again. Clear and magical the image she made of her remote pastoral land, where Taos lay in an upland valley ablaze with sunlight. We breathed the keen air filled with the incense of pinyon and bitter refreshing herbs, and saw the Indians working the soil beside the ditches of fast-running mountain water, and Mabel's long adobe, built about the great courtyards, beyond whose walls the Indian lands, vast and empty, swept away in a great circle to the mountains.

These memoirs possess a rare vitality and immediacy. Here is the land she loves. An exciting group of people are about us; we take sides in the interplay and clash of their lives. She is able to see herself as objectively as she does her companions. No disastrous or comical combination escapes her eye. This quality that makes her such an amazingly entertaining companion is present in these pages, written as if she sat opposite bubbling with laughter or portentous with "That had terrific implications!"

She tells how she contrived to bring Lawrence, whom she had never seen, to Taos, to "perceive and record the peculiar vestiges of another mode of life that have miraculously survived

in the undisclosed valleys of the Rio Grande." Lorenzo arrived, wiry, red-bearded and irascible, and with him that rosy boisterous German aristocrat his wife, with her happy understanding of the body and her complete aversion to abstract states of consciousness. Life was electric where Lorenzo was. Everybody revolved around him. To please him Mabel forsook her straight mediaeval dresses and got into starched tight-waisted gowns along with Frieda. She got down and scrubbed her floor; thus, he said, she could achieve a relationship to her house. Brett, the artist daughter of an English viscount, stood by cheerfully handing up nails as he hammered a shelf, or typed his manuscripts page by page. But Lorenzo's temper was unreliable. One day he would brilliantly interpret the thing-in-itself, the next he would snub Mabel's insistence on his being always *aware*, or revile Frieda, for he was irked by his constant necessity to perceive life through her as a medium.

Only Tony didn't revolve. Tony, majestic and unperturbed, trod his dark Indian ways, a part of the land.

Lawrence constantly insisted on a living unison, saying that individuality can best be developed in reaction to the world about one, but actually his need was for isolation, and soon this took him away from Taos to the little ranch that Mabel gave them, high on Lobo Mountain. The very *genius loci* of this ranch is in his "St. Mawr." The cave described in "The Woman Who Rode Away," is the cave above Valdez. In "The Plumed Serpent" he transferred to Old Mexico his feeling about the Indians here; their drums, the dark current of their blood. Lawrence often fumbled when he talked of his philosophy and mysticism; his psychological analyses were often strained, but I think no writer of his day approached him in the power of evoking the pure spirit of place.

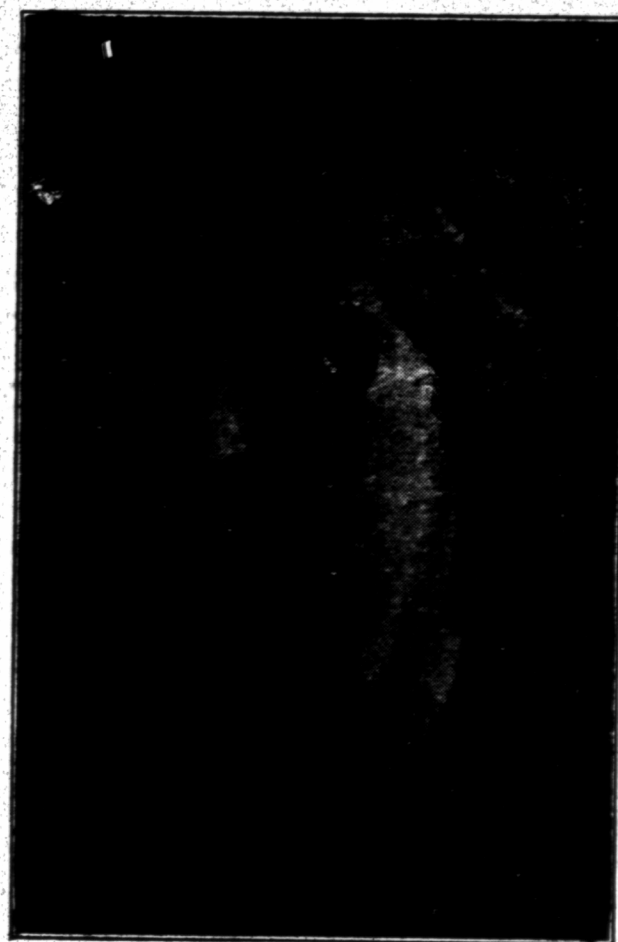
I think he was remembering this radiant land at the last, when he wrote, "Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel, of being alive in the flesh."

## THANKS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

So you are five years old. Congratulations "Carmelite." What a precocious youngster you are—also a gallant one. I have only known you for a year, but I have liked you every minute of that time. I like your spirit, your policy, your straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. I hope you have lots and lots of birthdays.

—R. M. S.



UNA JEFFERS

(On account of the distinctive local associations of "Lorenzo in Taos," an exception is made to the general rule and two comments of a single work appear in this issue.—Ed.)

ORRICK JOHNS *from page eight*  
against each other, of incredible, hideous mutual destruction.

Such is the power of this poisoned age. I said that I should be glad to see more books of this type. I mean because we must see ourselves again and again, we must see ourselves in our own poisonous guise, or disguise, in order to begin to understand why we got that way. We got that way from sitting, for nine centuries, on nine-tenths of the human spawn, and pretending that we had some importance, *merely for that*.

TYPING AND STENOGRAPHIC WORK AT YOUR HOME OR OFFICE, FIFTY CENTS AN HOUR. TEL. CARMEL 753

## Homestead Cafe

Chicken Dinner  
Country Style  
60 cents

Sunday, March 6th

Breakfast  
Lunch

Dinner  
Tea

SIXTH AND MISSION



## THE MISCREANTS

—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicle by FRANK SHERIDAN

"I see that a Superior Judge down Georgia way in a speech before the Rotary Club of Macon, urged everyone who wanted to do so to violate the law known to us as the 'noble experiment,' 'abominable law,' he called it. Imagine that in Georgia, in Macon too, and before a Georgia Rotarian collection of all people." The Author had opened the weekly talk on matters pertinent and impertinent.

"The committee reports progress and the discovery of intelligence within the borders of one of the ex-colonies," commented The Idler.

"Yep," The Author went on, "The Judge and the Macon Rotary Club were

severely reprimanded by the Lion Club of Athens of the same state, in a resolution that was carried without a dissenter batting an eye, demanding that the Macon Rotarians repudiate the Judge and his few remarks pronto. Whereupon the Macon bunch thumbed their collective and individual nose at Athens and promptly invited this Judge, Hammond, is his name, Augusta his stamping ground, to come over and play in their yard some more, adding that if he didn't give them more red hot stuff like the first act, they would be compelled to speak harsh words to him as Athens ordered—which would be a most horrible humiliation, for the Judge must surely know how far below Macon Athens was in the social scale.

"I was down in Georgia one time for a spell, digging into Colonial records for a pre-Revolution novel, I was writing and discovered that an Irishman named Kennedy O'Brien is recorded as the founder of the city of Augusta and in Colonial Records is mentioned that up to 1768 'the most numerous single colony which, (up to that time) had come to Georgia from any European country arrived from Ireland,' and that bunch of trouble-seekers settled in what is now Chatham, Screven, Burke and Richmond counties; and as Augusta is in the latter, I have an idea Judge Hammond is a throw-back to those lads who are noted as being 'agin the government.' But hurrah for the Judge, I'm for him," and The Author helped himself to a copious draught.

"And hurrah a couple of times for the Macon 'Rotes,'" The Idler chimed in. "Let us hope when he returns to Macon he will also talk about some other laws that should be thrown into the ash-heap. Every state and the Federal machine are littered up with fool laws that gum the cards and clog the works." The Judge observed as The Captain forgetfully passed him the water.

"My fellow-sufferer down there in Georgia knows as well as I, that what this country needs most, is not 'a good five cent cigar' but the justifiable kill-

THE CARMELITE: MARCH 3, 1932

ing of a lot of five cent law-makers (God save the mark) who feel it is a great day for them when the political 'Boss' calls them by their first name, and brag about it back in the home district till every child knows that once upon a time the 'Big Boss' called their assemblyman 'Charlie.' Whenever I think of our 'Salons'—I wish Hoover would become the dictator that Hiram and a few others say he aspires to be, provided he would scrap about ninety per cent. of the laws, statutes, ordinances and governmental what-nots that are giving the people a social and financial eczema."

"Wouldn't that be rather hard on your profession Judge?" asked The Idler. "We lawyers must make a living, so we make laws in order to make more lawyers," seems to be their battle-cry," he added.

"It would be a blessing to my profession, and a great source of fair to bad labor material for contractors, department stores and such if an open season on law-school graduates took place each year. Oh! you don't know how many good truck drivers and ribbon clerks have been ruined by parental ambition for their boy to become a 'legal light.'"

"Laws, laws," he went on; "We are choked, smothered, strangled and suffocated with them. There are laws that tell us if we do a certain thing we are breaking the law; and we have another law that says if we don't do that certain thing and are caught we are going to go to jail."

"Joe Bardin, a pretty sane jurist, pointed out a few of those contradictions in our California statutes, the other day, that were enlightening."

"Doesn't France manage to struggle along with the Code Napoleon to law their country with? And doesn't the total laws in that affair run about two thousand?" asked The Captain.

"Twenty-two hundred is about right." The Judge replied; "and they make a good job of it too. Think of that and realize that in five years, somewhere about 1923, our country, state and Federal governments, passed some sixty-thousand things that are called 'Law.'"

"Oh! I've got it boys," The Idler broke in with; "I remember Athens now. I was there a number of years ago. Stopped at an old brick hotel in the Court House Square. That hotel left a lasting impression upon me. The Worcester sauce had a dozen drowned flies in it. And I was so fond of a Perry-oyster the morning after."

"After that, I think we better open the meeting," The Captain said. "How about some stud for a change?"

Merchants  
**Lunch**  
11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.  
50c

---

Sunday Dinner  
50c 75c

**CURTIS**

**PAUL'S  
MORTUARY**

---

SERVICES FROM THE  
CHAPEL OR HOME  
CONDUCTED WITH  
BEAUTY AND DIGNITY

---

LADY IN ATTENDANCE

Phone 1213 Day or Night  
390 Lighthouse Avenue  
Pacific Grove

### WASHINGTON BI-CENTENNIAL CARD PARTY

WHIST

BRIDGE

MANZANITA CLUB

MARCH 3, 1932

PRIZES

REFRESHMENTS

BENEFIT OF THE CARMEL  
EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION



## KITE FLYING FESTIVAL

With scores of colorful kites flying and a brisk wind lifting them toward the clear blue of the sky, the kite-flying contest flew off to a finish last Saturday afternoon on the mesa overlooking the valley and the sea. Children ran about excitedly guiding their creations, judges rushed from one end of the field to another getting the best vantage point for visibility and proud parents and on-lookers were scattered over the entire vicinity encouraging the young participants.

Frank Sheridan, Dick Johnson and Armin Hansen were the judges. George Crossman won in the younger group of entries. Warren Jiminez, won in the next classification, fifth to eighth grades. The prize kite of the tournament, which received a prize on Washington's birthday for construction, proved its fine workmanship by sailing the highest of all. This was the swan kite made by Elpidio Regno, awarded the adult prize. Mr. Regno agreed to leave the kite at the Sunset School as a model for the children to study for construction. Mr. Ernest Calley, manual training teacher at the school, was praised by Mr. Sheridan for his encouragement and aid rendered to children making kites. The Rev. Willis White is the moving spirit behind this annual tourney.

—M. C.

## CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

At the monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club, Monday afternoon, at two-thirty in the Girl Scout House, representatives of the Committee of Seven will explain details, including the probable cost, of the street plan now under discussion. Questions from the audience will be welcomed.

### Woman's Club March Calendar

Book Section—sixteenth, at ten o'clock.  
Current Events—ninth and twenty-third at ten o'clock.

Bridge—fourteenth and twenty-eighth, at two o'clock.

Garden—seventeenth, at the home of Miss Florence K. Paul, Dolores and Second, at ten o'clock.

## PEACE DELEGATE

Miss Eunice Gray of Carmel will represent the Monterey Peninsula branch of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom at the California convention of the League in Berkeley on Saturday, March fifth.

Consul General Wakasugi of Japan will speak on "How to Settle the Chinese-Japanese Conflict," while V. Kwonglee Kwong, official representative of Y. S. Wong, Chinese consul general, will give "The Chinese Viewpoint of the Chinese-Japanese Conflict."

## Porter Emerson Browne

### COMMENTS ON THE TIMES

#### TRUE TO FORM

Two interesting items in the news. Henry Ford is going to end the depression by quantity producing more automobiles. This on the sound theory that the proper way to cure a flood is by adding additional water.

Up in Oregon, several hundred unemployed, armed with guns, have gone into the hinterland to hunt, fish and trap—and incidentally to rob scandalized farmers who cannot get it through their heads that the first law of Nature is paramount to any man-made law.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Washington talks while America collapses.

We have got to raise ten billions to see the United States through the next twelve months. This when there is in the country only about nine billions of money, four billions of which is gold in vaults and a billion and a half of which is hoarded. Also when eighty per cent. of our Federal income goes for wars, past present and future. When we have five million men on the pay roll, about eighteen million out of work, and the remaining twenty-three million workers only partly employed.

It's rather a neat problem in mathematics.

The unemployed to the land; a redivision of wealth. And a military autocracy to handle emergency program. This the only measure that will help.

The need is dire. The collapse does not impend. It is here.

We need a strong man. And we need him now.

Whoever he is, wherever he is, let him rise and lead!

We will follow.

## STATIONERY

### OFFICE SUPPLIES

### TYPEWRITERS

Books by Local Writers

THE SEA GULL SHOP

Ocean Avenue

## Hot Cross Buns

during Lent

## Dolores Bakery

## NOTICE OF ELECTION

for

Elementary School Trustee

Notice is hereby given to the electors of Sunset Elementary District of Monterey County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee for Sunset Elementary School District will be held at the Sunset Schoolhouse in said district on the last Friday in March, viz. March 25, 1932.

It will be necessary to elect one (1) trustee for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of 6:00 o'clock A. M. and 7:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

Eugene C. Marble.....Inspector  
Ruth Higby.....Judge  
Elizabeth Sullivan.....Judge

Dated February 23, 1932

Signed:

Ferdinand W. Haasis

Hester Hall Schoeninger

Clara N. Kellogg

Clerk

School Trustees

Sunset Elementary School District

All qualified electors of the county who were registered in the precinct in which the election for school trustee is held at least 40 days before the election may vote thereat. This includes all electors of the county whose names appeared upon the great register used at the next preceding general election and who are resident in the same precinct at the time the election for school trustee is held.

REGISTER





# NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

**Baheller: The Master of Chaos.**  
A romance of George Washington's days of leadership.

**Borden: Sarah Defiant.**  
How one woman's fate was affected by the World War.

**Brand: Valley Vultures.**  
A western.

**Cabell: These Restless Heads.**  
The Literary Guild choice for February.

**Cullen, Countee: One Way to Heaven**  
This famous Negro poet's first novel.

**Cleugh: Young Jonathan**  
Including some characters of her earlier novels Miss Cleugh unfolds a simple charming story of the eighteenth century England.

**Croy: Headed for Hollywood**  
Both author and subject are of interest to Carmel

**Dawson: A Path to Paradise**  
Through matrimonial ventures.

**Dell: The Silver Bride**

**Dorrance: Fighting Hearts**  
Because we like the author this western is just a little different.

**Gibbs: The Golden Years**  
A panorama from the Victorian era to the present.

**Hueston: Good Times**  
A communistic colony in action.

**Huxley: Brave New World**  
Mr. Huxley lets his wit and prophetic powers envision the future of mankind.

**McCord: Silver Linings**  
Serenity Dale, M. D., establishes her practice in Penny Mill.

**Martin: Lucy Anderson: portrait of a wife.**  
Her husband aspires to authorship while she supports the family.

**Orczy: A Child of the Revolution**  
A new edition to her Pimpinal stories of the French Revolution.

**Parrish: Loads of Love**  
But something lacking.

**Sawyer: Folkhouse**  
The building of a home in an American college town.

**Seltzer: Double Cross Ranch**  
**Wiley, Hugh: The Copper Mask**  
Stories of San Francisco's Chinatown.

**Wilson: One Came Out**  
A strong picture of prison life setting forth the ethics of capital punishment.

**Wasserman: Doctor Kerkhovan**  
His last.

**Mysteries and Adventure:**  
**Beeding: Take it Crooked**  
**Chesterton: The Floating Admiral**  
**Lowndes: Vanderlyn's Adventures**  
**Oppenheim: The Man from Sing Sing**  
**Sayers: The Second Omnibus of Crime**  
**Stewart: The Sweepstake Murders**  
**Wallace: The Man at the Carlton**

THE CARMELITE: MARCH 3, 1932

Yates, D: Safe Custody

New Juveniles:

Baker, M. and M.: Peacock eggs

Fox: Mountain Girl

Norris: Heroes and Hazards

Ransome: Swallowdale

## LIBRARY STATISTICS FOR FEBRUARY

Adult circulation	5851
Juvenile circulation	903

Total	6754
-------	------

Increase over same period, 1931	1287
---------------------------------	------

Daily average	281
---------------	-----

County books circulated	778
-------------------------	-----

Borrowers registered February first:

Permanent	1890	Temporary	128
-----------	------	-----------	-----

added	67		11
-------	----	--	----

dropped	6		10
---------	---	--	----

March first 1931			129
------------------	--	--	-----

## RECITALIST

Noel Sullivan of San Francisco and Carmel is appearing in recital at the Galerie Beaux Arts, San Francisco this afternoon. He will sing several groups of songs by Italian and German master composers. Elizabeth Alexander will be his accompanist.

## CITY COURT

L. M. Rhodes, Monterey accountant, charged with cruelty to animals by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was tried in Judge Hoagland's court Monday afternoon for running down a dog belonging to Frederick Preston Search. John Thompson appeared for the defendant; City Attorney Argyll Campbell prosecuted.

Four witnesses were called for the prosecution: Professor Preston W. Search, Frederick Search (his son), Ben Blomquist, and Mrs. Sonia Gunderson, all of whom saw the accident. Witnesses testified that the defendant had remarked after running over the dog: "Why should I stop for a dog? I would just as soon run down all three dogs and kill them." Taking the stand, defendant denied having deliberately or maliciously run down the dog and stated that he had offered to pay for any damages. (This was denied by all the prosecution witnesses). The examination concluded, Attorney Campbell spoke at some length, saying that the state had no case against the defendant and that as defendant had admitted being under the influence of liquor at the time, he was no doubt ashamed of many things he had done. For the defence Attorney Thompson, offered his congratulations to the prosecution for the generous attitude of the city attorney.

Judge Hoagland then rendered his decision: "Not Guilty."

DINE AT...

**PINE INN**

TABLE D'HOTE  
6:30 TO 7:30  
\$1.00

AND...  
DINE WELL

# Del Monte Cat and Dog Hospital

BATHING—BOARDING—STRIPPING

DR. WM. H. HAMMOND  
VETERINARIAN

Castroville Highway Ph. Mty. 2468

